MEDEA

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M E D E A,

THE MUSIC BY CHERUBINI,

words by F. B. Hoffmann

Produced for the first time in England at Her Majesty's Theatre,

On Tuesday, June 6, 1865:

WITH

AN ENGLISH VERSION,

AND

THE MUSIC OF THE PRINCIPAL AIRS.

LONDON:

DAVIDSON'S MUSICAL OPERA-BOOKS,

THE MUSIC-PUBLISHING COMPANY, 19 PETER'S HILL, ST. PAUL'S, E. C.

AND TO BE OBTAINED OF ALL BOOKSELLERS.

THE MYTHOLOGICAL STORY.

PHRYXUS, one of the ancients, having suffered persecution from his step-mother, Ino, the wife of Athamas, king of Thebes, fled through the air with his sister Helle, on the back of a ram whose fleece was of gold. The height to which they were carried made Helle giddy, and she fell into the sea. Phryxus recovered her body and buried it on the sea-shore, naming the place Hellespont. He continued his flight to Colchis, where he sacrificed the ram on the altar of Mars, preserving the golden fleece. He married Chalciope, the daughter of Ætes, king of Colchis, the latter of whom afterwards caused him to be murdered, through envy of his possessing the golden fleece.

Pelias, king of Iolchos, having usurped the crown which should have descended to Jason, the son of Æson, an accomplished warrior, and the latter having boldly demanded the surrender of the crown thus unjustly possessed, Pelias, to cause delay, persuaded him to be avenged on Ætes for the murder of Phryxus, their mutual relative, promising to surrender him the crown if he returned victorious. Jason departed on this adventure, with the youngest and bravest of the Greeks, on board the ship Argo, and on arriving at Colchis, was promised by Ætes the restoration of the golden fleece, which had been the cause of the death of Phryxus, if he would comply with the following conditions:—Jason was to tame bulls which breathed flames, and who had feet and horns of brass, and to plough with them a field sacred to Mars; after this he was to sow in the ground the teeth of a dragon from which armed men would arise, whose fury would be converted against him who ploughed the field; he was also to kill a monstrous dragon which watched night and day at the foot of the tree on which the golden fleece was suspended.

Medea, the king's daughter, fell in love with Jason, and as her knowledge of herbs, enchantments, and incantations was uncommon, she pledged herself to deliver her lover from all his dangers, if he promised her eternal fidelity. Jason vowed the required fidelity in the temple of Hecate, and received from Medea the promised instruments and herbs to protect him against the approaching dangers. He appeared in the field of Mars, he tamed the fury of the bulls, ploughed the plain, and sowed the dragon's teeth. Immediately an army of men sprang from the field and ran towards Jason: he threw a stone among them, and they fell one upon the other till all were totally destroyed. The vigilance of the dragon was lulled to sleep by the power of herbs, and Jason took from the tree the celebrated golden fleece.

Jason immediately set sail for Europe with Medea, who had been so instrumental in his preservation. Upon this Ætes, desirous to avenge the perfidy of his daughter Medea, sent his son Absyrtus to pursue the fugitives. Medea killed her brother, and strewed his limbs in her father's way, that she might more easily escape, while he was employed in collecting the remains of his son. Jason and Medea afterwards fled to Corinth, where they lived in perfect union and love during ten successive years. Jason's partiality for Dirce, the daughter of Creon, king of the country, afterwards disturbed their matrimonial happiness, and Medea was divorced to enable Jason to marry Dirce.

ARGUMENT OF THE OPERA.

AT the commencement of the Opera, Lamia and Clyte, lady attendants of Dirce, strive to remove a feeling of despondency which affects her, from a fear lest Jason should eventually prove as false to her as he has been to Medea. Jason, accompanied by the Argonauts, his friends and warriors, arrives at the court of Creon, and, in triumphal procession, lays the golden fleece at the feet of Dirce and Creon. Whilst Jason is felicitating himself on his release from Medea and approaching union with Dirce, Medea appears, demands of Creon that he should break off the proposed marriage, and bitterly reproaches Jason for his infidelity; but vain is her appeal: Creon is deaf to her prayers, bids her begone, and the first act closes with mutual recrimination between Medea and her recreant husband.

In the second act, Medea renews her appeal to Creon, but succeeds only in extracting permission to remain one day longer in his dominions, upon pain of death. Her misery is next heightened by the determination of Jason to retain his two sons, and for ever part them from their wretched mother. Profiting by the day's delay, Medea assumes an air of submission, and resolves to accomplish her revenge by causing a mantle and coronet, which have been steeped in deadly poison, to be presented by her children to Dirce, and in her agony of mind at witnessing the bridal procession of Jason and Dirce, determines to take the lives of her two children, and thus torture the heart of her unfaithful consort.

In the last act, Neris, the faithful attendant of Medea, brings forward the two children, to take a last farewell of their mother. In the act of stabbing them with a dagger, Medea is overpowered by her maternal feelings, and being unable, at that time, to accomplish her intention, she has them removed by Neris into an adjacent temple. Loud lamentations are soon heard proceeding from the palace of Creon, on which Medea hastily follows her children into the temple. Jason and his followers rush horror-stricken on the stage, vowing vengeance upon Medea for causing the death of Dirce. At this moment, Medea appears on the threshold of the temple, holding a dagger in her hand, and surrounded by three furies. She announces the destruction of his sons to the horrified Jason, and, after declaring that her spirit shall await him in Avernus, vanishes amidst flames.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CREON, *King of Corinth.*
JASON, *chief of the Argonauts, betrothed to Dirce.*
MEDEA, *his divorced Wife.*
NERIS, *her Attendant.*

DIRCE, *Daughter of Creon.*
LAMIA, CLYTE, } *her Lady Attendants.*
The Two Children of Medea.

Argonauts, Priests, Soldiers, and People of Corinth.—The scene is laid in Corinth.

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ATTO I.

SCENA I.—*Galleria nel Palazzo di Creonte.*
CLYTE, LAMIA, DIRCE, *e Donne del suo seguito.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Vestibule in Creon's Palace.*
CLYTE, LAMIA, DIRCE, *and Ladies, her Attendants.*

CHE? OR CHE TUTTO APPRESTA—WHY, WHEN WE ARE PREPARING. LAMIA.

Andantino con moto.

Che? or che tut - to ap - pre - sta Per te gio - ia e a - mor, Per-
Why, when we are pre - pa - ring For thee love and joy, Oh,

chè per - si - sti an - cor A re - star mu - ta e me - - sta?
where - fore dost thou still In deep sad - ness thy hours em - ploy?

Di no-str' al - me dei tu I - mi - tar l' al - le - grez - za! Il
Ah, the joy of our hearts Now thine own should re - flect, For

ciel t' ac - cor - da ap - pien O - gni suo ec - cel - so ben; Di no - str' al - me dei
heavn's own choi - cest gifts We ne - ver must re - ject; Ah, the joy of our

tu I - mi - tar l' al - le - grez - za! Il ciel t' ac - cor - da ap-
hearts Now thine own should re - flect, For heavn's own choi - cest

pien O - gni suo ec - cel - so ben, O - gni suo ec - cel - so ben.
gifts, Its choi - cest, choi - cest gifts We ne - ver must re - ject.

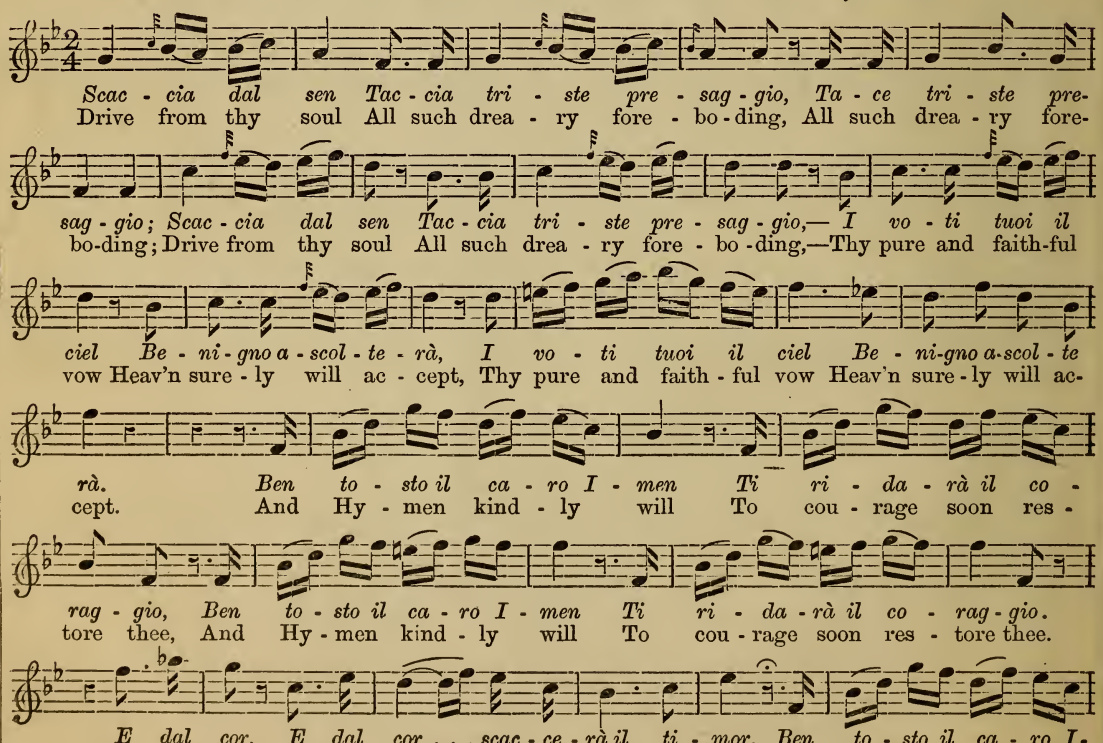
C'y. Doman quando la bella Aurora
A questo lieto suol,
Il giorno annunzierà,
L' Imen che l' amor recherà,
Farà schiavo al tuo piè
L' amante che ti adora.
Coro. Or che tutto, ec.

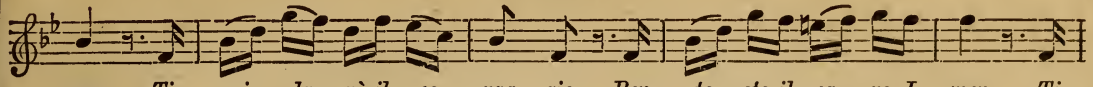
Cly. To-morrow, when rosy dawn
To this fair and lovely soil
The approach of day proclaims,
Hymen and Cupid will bring,
As a slave to thy feet,
The lover who thee adores.
Cho. Why, when we are preparing, &c.

Dirce. Ahime! ben vel dirò,
L' avvenir mi spaventa!
Gli dei m' offrono invan
Il lor grande favor;
Al mio turbato cor
L' Imene si presenta,
Ah! fonte di eterno orror!
Lam. Deh! scaccia omai,
Quel presaggio si nero!
Bandisci il rio terror,
Schiudi il seno all' amor!
Quel che predice il cor
È nuvol passaggiero,
Che strugger non potrà
La tua felicità.
Dirce. Giurò Giason d' amarmi,
E d' essermi fedele;
E pur egli a Medea
Giurato avea la fè!
Sei per me la lasciò,
Ahime! l' ingrato un dì ben può,
Me abbandonare ancora?
Cly. Giason si liberò
D' un terribile Imen!
Costretto fu a fuggir
Una odiata consorte;
Ma or che a virtù
L' unisce amica sorte,
Nulla strappar da voi lo può.

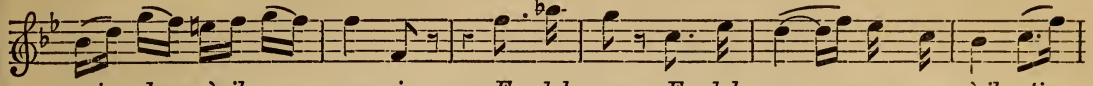
Dirce. The truth I will reveal:
The future alarms me.
The gods in vain bestow
Their great and wondrous favour;
To my disturbed soul
Hymen himself presents,
Full of horror and dread.
Lam. Ah! I pray thee, drive hence
Such direful foreboding!
Banish all such dark fears,
Yield thy heart up to love!
That which thy soul predicts
Is a mere passing cloud,
That can never destroy
The joy that awaits thee.
Dirce. Jason swore to love me,
To be faithful and true;
And yet to Medea
He once plighted his vows!
If for me he leave her,
False and perjur'd, one day
Me also he may leave!
Cly. Jason has freed himself
From a horrible tie!
And he was forced to fly
From a most hateful spouse;
But, now that kindly fate
To virtue unites him,
He will be constant and true.

SCACCIA DAL SEN—DRIVE FROM THY SOUL. *Chorus of Women.*

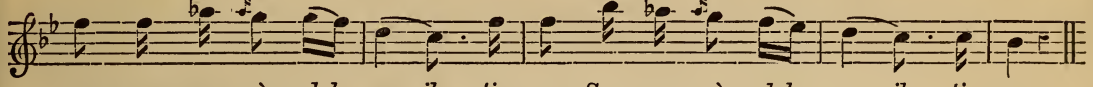




men Ti ri - da - rà il co - rag - gio, Ben to - sto il ca - ro I - men Ti
will To cou - rage soon res - tore thee, And Hy - men kind - ly will To



ri - da - rà il co - rag - gio; E dal cor, E dal cor . . . scac - ce - rà il ti -
cou - rage soon res - tore thee; From thy heart, From thy heart, then, dis - pel all



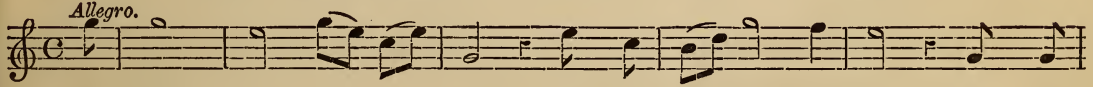
mor, scac - ce - rà dal cor il ti - mor, Scac - ce - rà dal cor il ti - mor.
fear, From thy heart dis - pel all fear, From thy heart dis - pel all fear.

Dirce. M' è grato il conforto, oh dilette!
Dolce amistà,
Tu rinfranchi il mio cor.
E tu, che m' offri alfin
Un si dolce tesor,
Amor! non ingannar
La misera innocente!

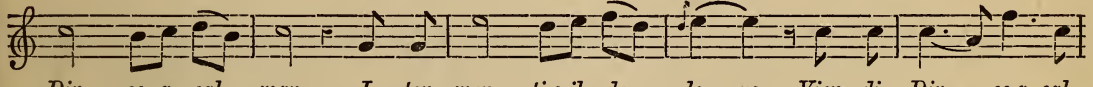
Dirce. Thanks, friends, for this comfort!
Sweet friendship,
Bring strength into my soul.
And thou, love, who to me
So great a boon doth offer,
Ah! do not thou deceive
My helpless innocence!

IMEN, VIEN DISSIPAR—OH, HYMEN, COME. Air. Dirce.

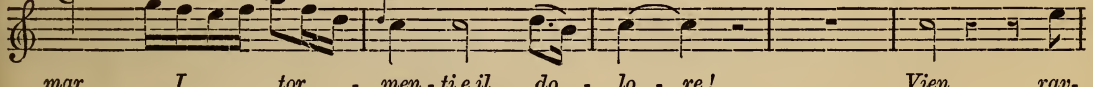
Allegro.



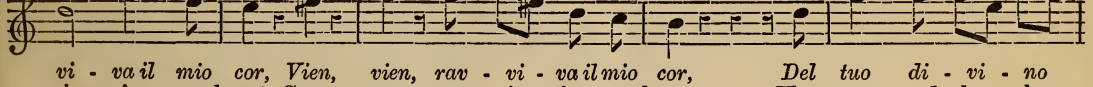
I - men, vien dis - si - par Il mio va - no ti - mor! Vien di
Oh, Hy - men, come, dis - pel All my vain fool - ish fears! And of



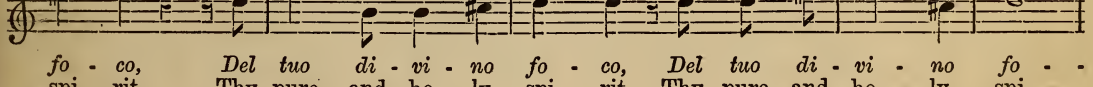
Dir - ce a cal - mar I tor - men - ti e il do - lo - re, Vien di Dir - ce a cal-
Dir - ce for - lorn Soothe the sor - rows and tears, And of Dir - ce for-



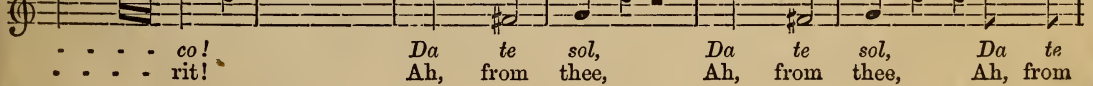
mar I tor - men - ti e il do - lo - re! Vien, rav-
lorn Soothe the sor - rows and tears! Come, re-



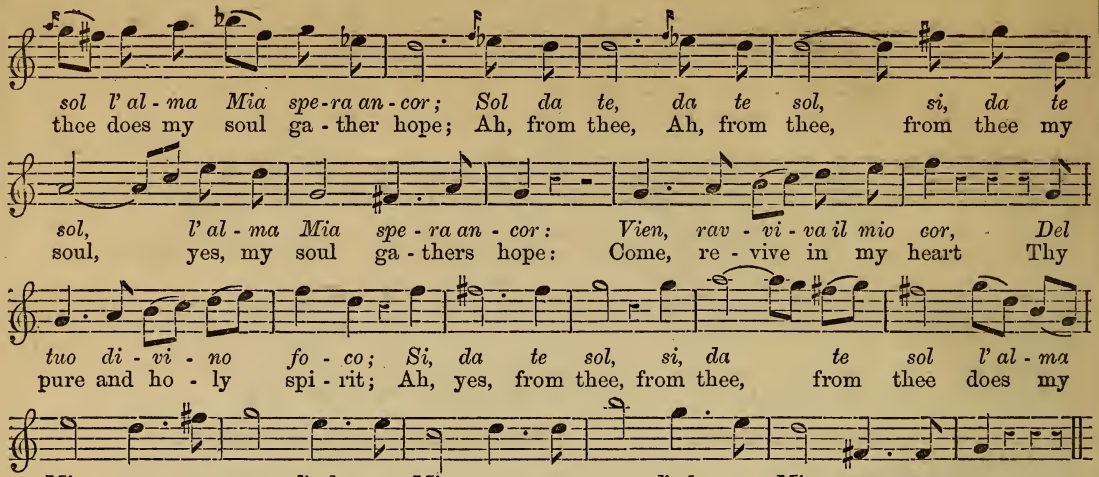
vi - va il mio cor, Vien, vien, rav - vi - va il mio cor, Del tuo di - vi - no
vive in my heart, Come, come, re - vive in my heart Thy pure and ho - ly



fo - co, Del tuo di - vi - no fo - co, Del tuo di - vi - no fo - -
spi - rit, Thy pure and ho - ly spi - rit, Thy pure and ho - ly spi - -



- - - - co! Da te sol, Da te sol, Da te
- - - - rit! Ah, from thee, Ah, from thee, Ah, from



Da me allontana tu
Quella donna fatale,
La cui triste virtù
Ha sedotto Giason!
Che il suo rigor,
La sua presenza,
Non venghi l' alma mia a turbar.

SCENA II.—Creonte, Dirce, Giason, *e seguito di Dirce, Truppe di Argonotti, Soldati, Donne, e Popolo di Corinto.*

Cre. [*A Giason.*] Prence ti calma! I figli tuoi
Son salvi in queste mura.
Dirce. [*A Creonte.*] Tu sei turbato?
Cre. Di Pelias, il figlio, onde punir Medea,
I suoi due figli a morte trar volea.
[*Giasone fa un movimento d' orrore—Creonte lo rassicura di un gesto.*
Gia. [*A Dirce.*] Mentre l' Imen si appresta,
Oh, bella Dirce, rispondi ai voti miei.
Lascia che i prodi depongano al tuo piè
L' armi e i trofei.
[*Creonte e Dirce ascendono il trono; la Truppa sfila avanti di loro portando in trionfo il Toson d' oro, ed il modello del vascel Argo.*
Coro. [*Durante la Marcia.*]
Dirce, a te vien,
L' invincibil Giason,
Ed al tuo piè
Di sua vittoria il frutto;
Ei domanda depor,
E gli allori e i trofei,
E di Colchos il real vello d'or.
Dirce. Colchos!
Lam. Quel che siano gli allori
Che comparte Bellona,
I mirti di Paphos
Hanno ognor più valor:
Vener stessa fù un dì,
Che al dio marte li diè,
Quest' è la più bella corona.
Coro. Dirce, a te vien, ec.

Oh, keep far from my sight
That cruel dreadful monster,
Whose fatal influence
So lately Jason lured!
Let not her fiend-like rage,
With fearful tiger glance,
My trembling spirit scare.

SCENE II.—Creon, Dirce, Jason, *and Attendants of Dirce, Troops of Argonauts, Soldiers, Women, and People of Corinth.*

Cre. [*To Jason.*] Calm thee, prince! Thy sons
Are safe within these walls.
Dirce. [*To Creon.*] Thou art disturbed?
Cre. The son of Pelias, to punish Medea,
Has sought her two sons to destroy.
[*Jason starts with horror—Creon by a gesture reassures him.*
Jas. [*To Dirce.*] Whilst our nuptials are preparing,
Grant me, fair Dirce, assurance of thy love.
Permit my brave companions at thy feet
To lay their arms and trophies.
[*Creon and Dirce ascend the throne; the Troops defile before them, carrying in triumph the Golden Fleece, and the model of the ship Argo.*
Cho. [*During the March.*]
Dirce, towards thee comes
All-conquering Jason,
Who at thy feet
Of his great victories
The fruits desires to place;
Also, from far-famed Colchis,
The royal golden fleece.
Dirce. Colchis!
Lam. Though great are the laurels
Dread Bellona bestows,
The myrtles of Paphos
Are more worthy to wear:
This did Venus proclaim,
When she gave them to Mars,
As the brightest of crowns.
Cho. Dirce, towards thee, &c.

Dirce. Colchos! nome fatal!
Oh, funesto presaggio!
[*Dirce scende dal trono, seguita da Creonte e Giasone, ed il Popolo manifesta anzietà per l' inquietudine di Dirce.*
Gia. Che vedo? perche il divo raggio!
Del tuo sguardo attristi mio ben!
Cre. Mia figlia che ti assal? Parla.
Dirce. Signor!
Cre. Lo voglio!
Dirce. Perdon se col mio pianto,
Si lieto giorno attristo—ma di Medea
L' immagin mi persegue ovunque.
Gia. Non temer!—ben lungi in bando
L' iniqua espia sue colpe!
Dirce. Ma è tua sposa!
E l' infernal sua possa
Potria condurla per incanto a noi,
Per reclamar i sacri dritti suoi!

Dirce. Colchis! dreaded name!
Oh, evil omen!
[*Dirce descends from the throne, followed by Creon and Jason.—The People show anxiety on seeing Dirce's distress.*
Jas. What do I behold?
Ah, why, beloved, art thou sad?
Cre. My child, what doth disturb thy mind?
Dirce. My gracious father!
Cre. Speak! I insist!
Dirce. Forgive my tears on such a joyous day,
But the fatal image of Medea
Pursues me where'er I turn.
Jas. Fear nothing—in distant exile,
The impious creature expiates her crimes.
Dirce. Still she is thy wife!
And her infernal arts
May by enchantment bring her hither,
To reclaim her sacred rights!

OR CHE SCIOLTO MI SON—NOW THAT ONCE MORE I'M FREE. AIR. JASON.

Larghetto.

Or che sciol - to mi son D' u - na spo - sa cru - de - le, D' u - na
Now that once more I'm free From a spouse I de - test - ed, From a

spo - sa cru - de - le, Che fù mia on - ta e di - so - nor, Che fù mia
spouse I de - test - ed, Who was my dire dis-grace and shame, Who was my

on - - ta, mia on - ta e di - so - nor, Io per - do il sov - ve-
dire dis - grace, my dire dis - grace and shame, Re - membrance from me

nir D' un tan - to lun - go er - ror, E il mio de - stin, E il mio de -
flies Of sin that I des - pise, And for - - tune smiles, And for - - - tune

stin, tor - na più lie - - - to. Fù il mio tor - men - to I - men, Fù il
smiles up - on me kind - - - ly. Through Hy - men tor - tur'd once, Through

Cres.

mio tor - men - to I - men, Or sa - rà e - ter'-no ben; Fù il mio tor - men - to I-
Hy - men tor - tur'd once, Now for bliss I may hope; Through Hy - men tor - tur'd

men, Or sa - rà e - ter - no ben, Or sa - rà e - ter - no ben. Or che
once, Now for bliss I may hope, Now for bliss I may hope. Now that

sciol - to mi son D' u - na spo - sa cru - de - le, Io per - do il sov - ve-
once more I'm free From a spouse I de - test - ed, Re - membrance from me

rir D' un tan - to lun - go er-ror, E il mio de - stin, e il mio de - stin, Più
flies Of sin that I des - pise, And for - tune smiles, And for - tune smiles up-

lie - to tor - na! Il can - dor del tua cor, Che spi - ra ca - sto a - mor, In e-
on me kind - ly! Yes, thy pure gen - tle heart, In - spir'd by chast-est love, Hath for

ter - no a - te m' in - ca - te - - - no! Or che be - a - to son Giu-
ev - er bound and en - slav'd me! That I am tru - ly bless'd, Here

rar vogl' io al tuo piè: Nul - la al mon - do po - trà, Nul - la al mon - do po-
at thy feet I vow: Earth no pow'r doth pos - sess, Earth no pow'r doth pos-

trà, M' al - lon - ta - nar da te; Nul - la al mon - do po - trà, Nul - la al mon - do po-
sess To tear me from thee now; Earth no pow'r doth pos - sess, Earth no pow'r doth pos-

trà, M' al - lon - ta - nar da te; Nul - la al mon - do po - trà, Nul - la al mon - do po-
sess To tear thee from me now; Earth no pow'r doth pos - sess, Earth no pow'r doth pos-

trà, M' al - lon - ta - nar da te, M' al - lon - ta - nar da te, M' al - lon - ta - nar da te!
sess To tear thee from me now, To tear thee from me now, To tear thee from me now!

Cre. Ah! deh! scaccia dal cor
Quelle larve funeste;
Mia figlia, uop' è sperar
Nella bontà celeste!
Ed iddio invoca Sol
L' Imen a benedir,
Ei col suo amore può
Lieto far l' avvenir.
Deh! veglia tu, gran dio possente!
Sù i figli miei dal ciel,
T' implora il core anel,
Ch' io non chiegga invan,
Tal favore! sian essi
Al santo Imen fedel!
Ed io sarò beato genitore!
Sian dessi ognor fedel!

Cre. Ah! chase from thy mind
Those dreadful fancies;
And let us, my child,
In heaven place our faith!
Let us ask its great aid,
Which in its high bounty
This union will bless,
And lasting joy will bestow.
Oh! power supreme!
Look down from heaven,
On these my well-loved children;
Let me not vainly ask
Thy saving grace!
True to their nuptial vows,
Oh! keep them, I implore,
And make me thus a happy sire!

Gia. Beato genitore!
Coro. Lieto Imen!
Vieni a stringere il nodo d' amor!
E degna ascoltar la preghiera!
Dir. e Gia. Dolce Imen, l' alto tuo poter
Porta la calma nel mio seno!
Le tue leggi si il tuo voler,
Noi costanti ognor seguiremo.
Coro. Infondi a entrambi in cor
Il santo tuo vigor!
Dei mirti tuoi immortal,
Vien, gli sposi corona!
Promette la gioia l' amor,
Ma è Imene Sol,
Sei tu Sol che a noi la doni.
Il Messo. [*A Creonte.*] Signor, d' Apollo
Una sacerdotessa chiede l' ingresso.
Cre. A noi la guida.
Dirce. Oh, ciel!
Il Messo. Ella s' avvanza.
Dirce. In cor mi serpe un gelo!
[*Medea fatto qualche passo, avanzandosi coperta di un lungo velo—parla di un tuono nobile e calmo.*
Med. Salve, signor, e popol di Corinto!
Non verso voi mi spinge il crudo fato,
Ma verso il reo Giason.
[*Avvanzandosi verso Giassone a chi si scopre.*
Mi riconosci ingrato.
Coro. Medea! giusto ciel!
Fuggiam! salvaci o ciel!
[*Il Popolo fugge atterrito.—Dirce cade svenuta sulle braccia delle sue Fide, Creonte resta stupefatto, Giasone confuso, Medea immobile fissando lo sguardo furente sopra il suo consorte.*
Med. [*A Giasone.*]
Ben lungi mi credevi, oh, sciagurato!
E ti apprestavi a nuovo Imen;
Ma vivo ancora, e della mia vendetta
È giunta l' ora!
Cre. [*A Medea.*] Audace!
Che ti guida in queste soglie?
Med. [*Con fiera calma.*]
Di consorte e di madre il sacro dritto!
Se Dirce, se Giason, cari ti sono,
Rompi il fatale Imen,
Ma se persisti paventa il mio furor!
Cre. [*A Dirce.*] Deh! calma il tuo terror!
Morrà la donna rea!
Med. [*Ben marcato e con forza.*]
È indegna di un sovran tale minaccia!
Vendicarmi potrebbe un solo accento,
Ma nulla tema quei ch' io non pavento!
Cre. Qui tremar, dei tu Sol,
Empia donna, e perversa!
Dei tuoi delitti il vol
Creonte può troncar;
Fremer dei degli orror
Che l' averno t' appresta,
Questo sarà si l' estremo tuo dì!
Dirce. Sciagurata!
Cre. Ten và!
Coro. Gran dio! oh ciel!
La tua man stendi a noi! [*Partono.*
Med. Tu taci ingrato!

Jas. A happy sire!
Cho. Blessed Hymen!
Deign to listen to our prayers!
Come, sanctify the bonds of love!
Dir. & Jas. Kind Hymen, thy great power
Soothes our souls and calms our fears!
Ever faithful to thy laws,
Shall our lives in bliss be spent.
Cho. Into their souls infuse
Thy great and holy grace!
And crown with myrtle-wreaths
The truthful faithful pair!
Love doth pleasure promise,
But with the marriage tie,
Thou alone dost give it.
Mes. [*Entering, to Creon.*] Sire, a priestess
Of Apollo desires admission.
Cre. Conduct her hither.
Dirce. Oh, heav'n!
Mes. She approaches.
Dirce. A chill pervades my soul!
[*Medea enters, covered with a long veil—having advanced a few steps, she speaks in a calm and dignified manner.*
Med. Hail, sire, and ye, people of Corinth!
Not to thee am I sent by cruel fate,
But unto recreant Jason.
[*Advancing towards Jason, she discovers herself.*
Dost thou know me, ingrate?
Cho. Medea! heavenly powers!
Preserve us! let us fly!
[*The People fly in alarm.—Dirce faints in the arms of an Attendant, Creon stands stupified, Jason is confused, Medea immovable, looking fiercely at Jason.*
Med. [*To Jason.*]
Thou believedst me far away, oh, wretch!
And didst prepare to wed again;
But I yet live, and the hour
Of my vengeance hath arrived!
Cre. [*To Medea.*] Audacious woman!
What hath brought thee hither?
Med. [*With haughty calmness.*]
The sacred rights of wife and mother!
If Dirce and Jason are dear to thee,
Break off this fatal marriage,
Or, persisting, dread my utmost fury!
Cre. [*To Dirce.*] Pray, calm thy fears!
The wicked woman shall perish!
Med. [*Pointedly and emphatically.*]
Such a threat is unworthy of a king!
I could with a word avenge me,
But fear not those I can make to tremble!
Cre. Thou alone shouldst tremble,
Wicked shameless woman!
The course of thy fell crimes
Creon now can stay;
Tremble at the tortures
Which hell for thee prepares,
For this day is thy last!
Dir. Wretched being!
Cre. Begone!
Cho. Oh, heav'n! to us
Thy helping hand extend! [*Exeunt.*
Med. Thou art silent, ungrateful man!

In premio io dei miei doni m' abbandonasti,
Mi tradisti, e i figli sin mi strappasti!
Oro ti diedi e lustro
Mi coprii di delitti,
E tutto osai crudel per il tuo amore!
Or per punirti osar tutto potrò,
Vil traditore!

Gia. Mi scusa il tuo furor—spezzar io volli,
L' obbrobrioso Imen!—sicuro asilo
Pei figli qui cercai!
Ma in Corinto or tu sei
E umil le leggi rispettar ne dei!

Med. L' ultima volta allor m' ascolta,
Infido core!

In reward for kindness thou hast forsaken me,
Betrayed me, and tore my children from me!
I covered myself with infamy,
To procure thee gold and honours,
And dared all, cruel one, for thy love!
Now I could dare all to punish thee,
Base perjurer!

Jas. Thy crimes are my excuse—
An unhallowed marriage I strove to annul!
A safe asylum here for my sons I sought.
Now thou art in Corinth,
And to its laws thou must submit!

Med. Then, for the last time, hear me,
Unfaithful that thou art!

DEI TUOI FIGLI E AL TUO PIE—AT THY FEET SEE ME KNEELING. AIR. MEDEA.

Larghetto.

Dei tuoi fi - gli è al tuo piè, La ma - dre sven - tu - ra - ta! Che col-
At thy feet see me kneel - ing, Thy chil - dren's wretched mo - ther! Who for

pe - vol per te, Da te fù ab-ban - do - na - ta! Tu ben sai quant' es - sa ti a-
thee sin com - mitted, And yet thou hast be - tray'd me! Well thou know'st the love I pos-

mò fe - del, E ti fù ca - ra un dì cru - del, cru - del! Sì, ti fù
sess'd for thee, And once that love thou didst re - turn,—ah, yes! That love thou

ca - - - ra un dì! La la - scia - sti in - fe - del, Pro - scrit - ta, scia - gu-
didst re - - turn! Per - jur'd one, me you left In mis' - ry and pro-

ra - ta! Pro - scrit - ta, scia - gu - ra - ta! Pria d' es - - se - re tua spo - sa,
scrip-tion! In mis' - ry and pro - scrip-tion! Be - fore with thee I wed - ded,

S' e - - ra a vir - tu ser - ba - ta, Pria d' es - se - re tua spo - sa, S' e-
Rear'd in the strict - est vir - tue, Be - fore with thee I wed - ded, In

ra a vir - tu ser - ba - - ta, Al - lor, il suo cor I - gno - ra - va gli or-
strict - est vir - tue rear'd, Un - known to my heart was the thought of all

ror, L' ar - ca - no rio ve - len, Di tan - ti a - tro - ce af - fet - - - ti.
sin, Or bane - ful pois'ning pang Of dark and tor - tur'd feel - - ings.

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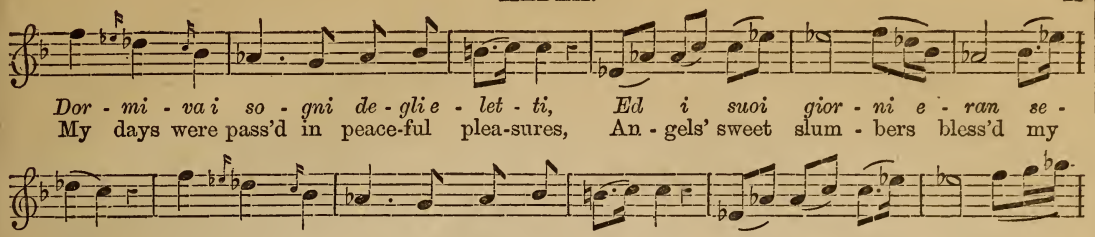
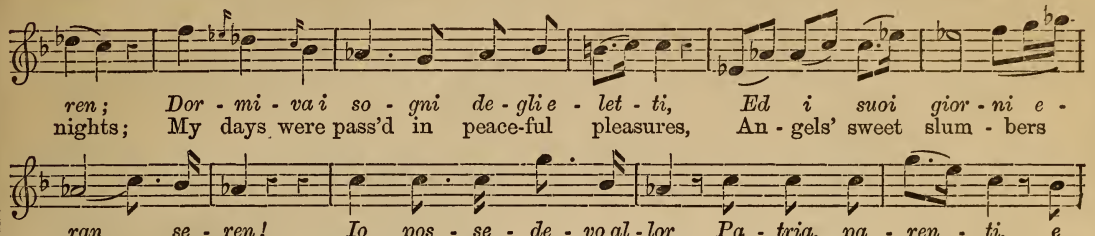
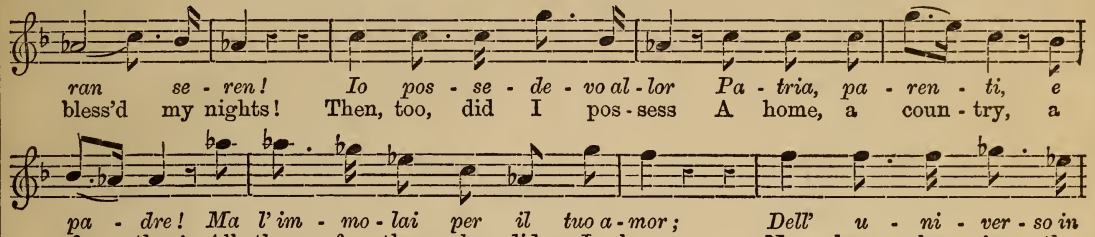
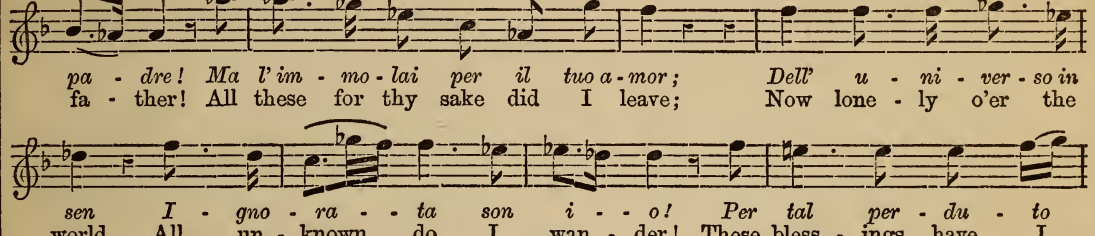
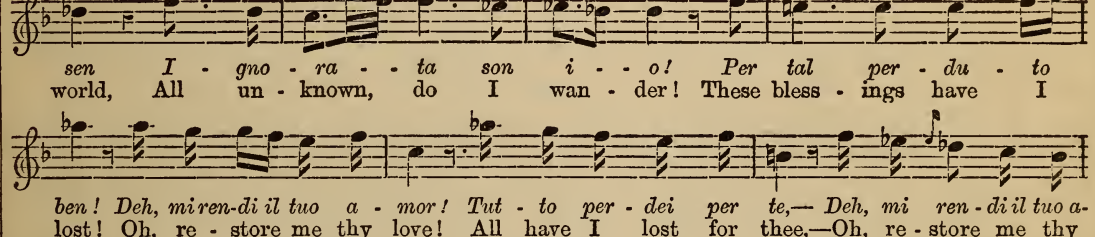
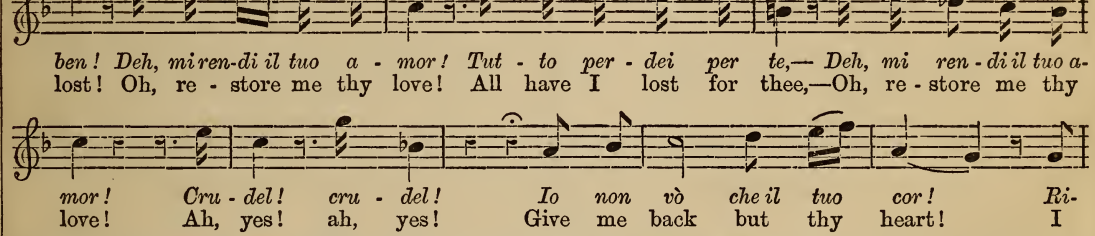

Dor - mi - va i so - gni de - gli e - let - ti, Ed i suoi gior - ni e - ran se -
My days were pass'd in peace-ful plea-sures, An - gels' sweet slum - bers bless'd my

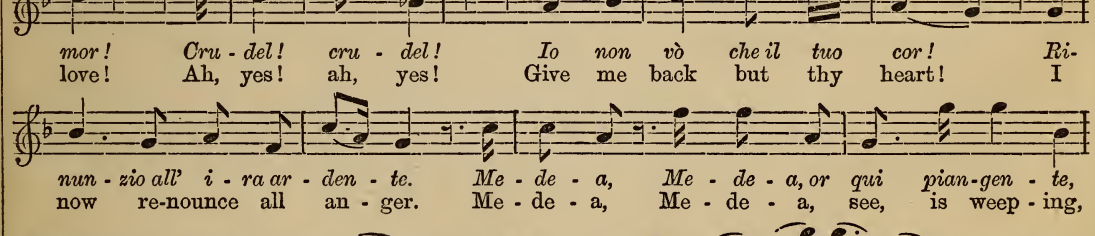

ren; Dor - mi - va i so - gni de - gli e - let - ti, Ed i suoi gior - ni e -
nights; My days were pass'd in peace-ful pleasures, An - gels' sweet slum - bers

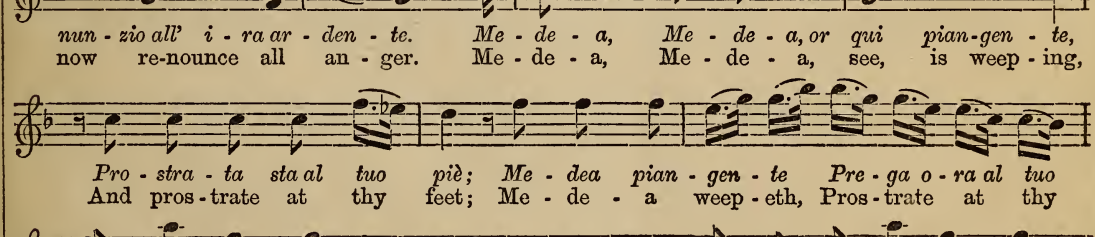

ran se - ren! Io pos - se - de - vo al - lor Pa - tria, pa - ren - ti, e
bless'd my nights! Then, too, did I pos - sess A home, a coun - try, a

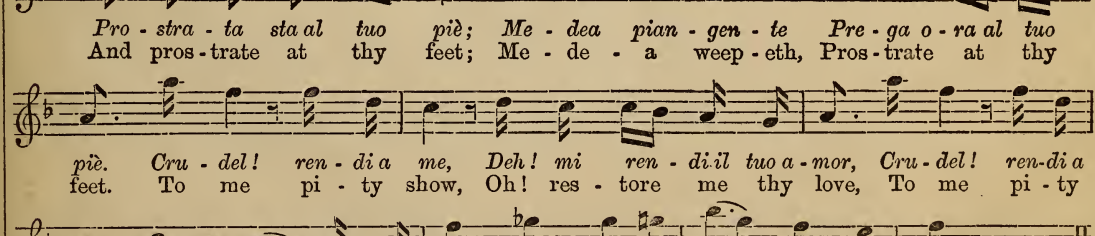

pa - dre! Ma l' im - mo - lai per il tuo a - mor; Dell' u - ni - ver - so in
fa - ther! All these for thy sake did I leave; Now lone - ly o'er the

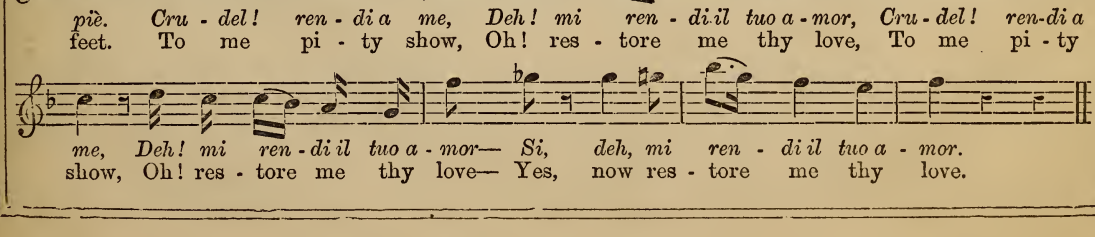

sen I - gno - ra - - ta son i - - o! Per tal per - du - to
world, All un - known, do I wan - der! These bless - ings have I


ben! Deh, mi ren-di il tuo a - mor! Tut - to per - dei per te,— Deh, mi ren - di il tuo a-
lost! Oh, re - store me thy love! All have I lost for thee,—Oh, re - store me thy


mor! Cru - del! cru - del! Io non vò che il tuo cor! Ri-
love! Ah, yes! ah, yes! Give me back but thy heart! I


nun - zio all' i - ra ar - den - te. Me - de - a, Me - de - a, or qui pian-gen - te,
now re-nounce all an - ger. Me - de - a, Me - de - a, see, is weep - ing,


Pro - stra - ta sta al tuo piè; Me - dea pian - gen - te Pre - ga o - ra al tuo
And pros - trate at thy feet; Me - de - a weep - eth, Pros - trate at thy


piè. Cru - del! ren - di a me, Deh! mi ren - di il tuo a - mor, Cru - del! ren-di a
feet. To me pi - ty show, Oh! res - tore me thy love, To me pi - ty

me, Deh! mi ren - di il tuo a - mor— Si, deh, mi ren - di il tuo a - mor.
show, Oh! res - tore me thy love— Yes, now res - tore me thy love.

Gia. Tardo rimorso!
Di Creonte l' ira tu destasti;
Se il re l' asil ci niega——
Med. [*Interrompendolo.*] Vien! fuggiam!
Gia. Giammai—morir piuttosto!
Med. [*Con accento terribile e voce soffocata.*]
Ebben—sii sposo a Dirce!—ma ti aspetta—
Da me schernita orribile vendetta!
Or bene contro me,
Voi tutti cospirate!
Or Erebo ed il Ciel,
Mi saran testimon,
Ch' io compir non farò,
Quest' orribile Imen, no!
Gia. Tu raffrena, oh signor,
L' inuman suo rigore,
E della rea non far
Che l' orribil furor!
Turbi il mio protettor
In questo reggio asil!
A 2. Oh, fatal vello d' or!
Oh, conquista funesta!
Ah! fonte sarai tu,
E di pianto e di orror!
Med. Oh, Colchos, per punir!
L' ingrato ch' io detesto,
Colchos, m' ispira tu
I più atroci martir!
Gia. Possente re ben può
Condannarti se irato!
Med. Mio padre ancor regnò,—
Per te il tradivo ingrato!
Gia. A morir corri tu.
Med. Ma ben pria di morir,
Io lasciar ti saprò,
Un crudel sovvenir.
Gia. Ten va! t' invola va?
Al fato che t' attende!

FINE DELL' ATTO PRIMO.

Jas. Repentance comes too late!
Thou hast aroused the anger of Creon;
And if the king an asylum should refuse——
Med. [*Interrupting him.*] Come! let us fly!
Jas. Never—sooner will I perish!
Med. [*With smothered fearful emphasis.*]
Then marry Dirce—but expect
From the despised one a fearful revenge!
Now, since against me
All here are now conjoined,
High heaven and dark hell,
Be ye my witnesses,
This hated marriage
I'll not suffer to proceed.
Jas. Heaven, do thou restrain
Her dread and fiend-like nature:
Let not this guilty wretch,
With horrible fury,
The peaceful realm disturb
Of this my kind protector!
Both. Oh, fatal golden fleece,
Dire unlucky conquest,
For ever fruitful source
Of horror and of tears!
Med. Oh, Colchis, to punish
The ingrate my soul abhors,
Bring to my thoughts
The direst fiercest pangs!
Jas. A mighty monarch's wrath,
Thee to death may condemn!
Med. My father also reigned,—
For thee, I betrayed him!
Jas. Thou rushest on thy doom.
Med. Ay, but before I die,
I will not fail to leave thee
A fearful remembrance.
Jas. Hence! begone with speed!
Fly the fate that awaits thee!

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ATTO II.

Il Teatro rappresenta da un lato una parte del Palazzo di Creonte; dal quale si discende per mezzo di una gran gradinata.—All' estremità di questa, un portico elegante e vasto conduce al Tempio di Giunone, situato di rimpetto e colocato obliquamente, di maniera che la facciata e la porta siano in vista dello spettatore.

SCENA I. — MEDEA, NERIS, *e poi* CREON *e Guardie.—Medea scendendo precipitosamente la gradinata del Palazzo.*

Med. Fra breve a Dirce sposo,
Ed anco i figli mi niega!
Oh, mio furor—Satan, vendetta!
Peran Dirce e Creonte—
Si, ch' ei viva pur,
Ma fra i rimorsi e l' onte!
Ner. [*Giunge, atterita ed ansante.*]
Medea, ti salva del tuo fato orrendo—
I carnefici tuoi fuggi!
Med. [*Con terribile calma.*] Io li attendo!
Cre. Mostro infernal!
Potrei dannarti a morte,
Ma per Giasone la tua grazia ottenne.
Vanne raminga—parti!
Med. [*Con ironia.*] Come!
Si lieve pena alle mie colpe?
Ma pur con qual dritto, oh, signor,
Osi all' esilio condannarmi ancor?
Cre. Temo per Dirce, per Giason, pei figli!
Med. [*Con ironia.*] Temi il delitto!
E pur tu godi ingrato
Dei beni che il delitto
Ti ha serbato!

ACT II.

The Stage represents on one side a part of Creon's Palace, from which the descent is by a flight of steps. —At the end of the Palace, a large handsome colonnade leads to the Temple of Juno, which is placed obliquely on the opposite side, so that the façade and the door are in view of the spectators.

SCENE I.—MEDEA, NERIS, *and afterwards* CREON *and Guards.—Medea hastily descends the steps of the Palace.*

Med. Soon he will espouse Dirce,
And even keep my children from me!
Oh, rage—Saturn, avenge me!
Cause Creon and Dirce to perish—
Let him, however, live,
In shame and misery!
Ner. [*Entering, terrified and breathless.*]
Medea, save thyself from a dreadful fate—
Fly from thy murderers!
Med. [*With terrible calmness.*] I will await them!
Cre. Fiendish woman!
To death I could condemn thee,
But Jason has procured thee grace.
Go, wander forth—depart!
Med. [*Ironically.*] How!
So small a penalty for my offence?
But by what right darest thou, oh, king,
To exile again condemn me?
Cre. I fear for Dirce, for Jason, and his sons!
Med. [*Ironically.*] Thou fearest a crime!
And yet thou canst enjoy
The advantages which crime
Has procured for thee!

A MEDEA DEGNA, OH SIRE—TO MEDEA, GREAT MONARCH. AIR. MEDEA.

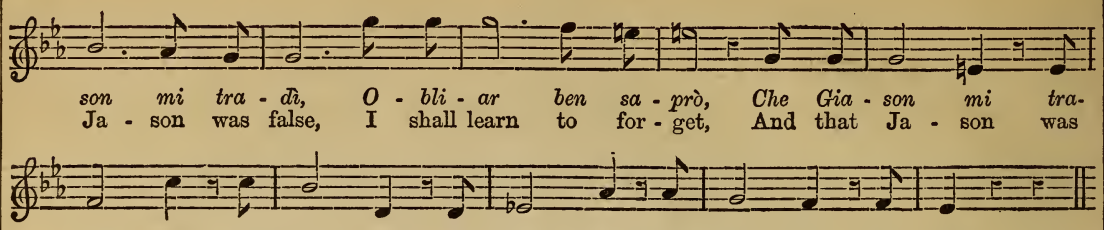
Allegro.

A Me - dea de - gna, oh si - re Ac - cor - dar dol - ce a - si - lo! Là i gior - ni
To Me - - dea, great mo - narch, Ac - cord an a - sy - lum! To fi - nish

miei fi - nir, E il mio ar - den - te de - si - re, E il mio ar - den - te de-
there my days, Now is all I as - pire to, Now is all I as-

si - re, Se i fi - - gli miei ve - drò, Se i fi - - gli miei ve -
pire to, My chil - dren if I be - hold, My chil - dren if I be -

drò, De - si - ar più non sò, De - si - ar più non sò; Che Gia-
hold, Naught shall I then re - gret, Naught shall I then re - gret; And that



Cre. Acontrito dolor
Or tu fingi esser volta?
Tu dei da qui partir!
No, non cede il mio cor!
Rea fratricida figlia iniqua!
Ten và! tu dei da qui partir!
Med. Qui mi prostro al tuo piè!
Cre. Ten và, no piu speme non v' è.
Med. Gran dio del mal!
La cagion di mie pene,
Non sfugga il mostro a te,
Al tuo sguardo infernal!
Ner. Oh ciel! possente re
Preso è d' odio e vendetta!
Calma tu del suo cor,
Il tremendo furor!
Cre. e Coro. Ciel, ci proteggi ognor
Dal furor di quel mostro!
Dal presaggio fatale,
Ci salva, oh Giove, ancor!
Med. E ben! Io partirò:
Poi che ognun m' abbandona
Si nell' esilio andrò
Che imposto m' ha lo rapito,
Ma soltanto di un dì
Concedi il differir
Acciò il mio triste cor,
Più calmo fosse allor.
Cre. Tu chiedi un giorno ancor
Per qualche reo delitto!
Med. Che posso contro te?
Cl colmo del dolor
Rifiutar non puoi tu,
Un giorno al triste cor.
Cre. Forse di mia bontà
La vittima mi rendo,
Tiranno il cor non ho:
Mitigar vo il rigor;
Ed un giorno ti dò;
Sebben costi al mio cor.
Med. e Ner. Che d' un cotale don
Ripaghi il dio d' eterno amore!
Cre. Or trionfaste del mio core;
Ma tremar dei tu, ben t' aspetta
Il più crudel martir,
Se giammai al nuovo sol,
Non sei prest' a partir!
Med. [*Con estremo dolore.*]
Oh, mio padre! oh, Colchos,
Ah! mia patria adorata!
Cre. Torna pur a Colchos,
Che tu tradisti ingrata!

Cre. A penitent sorrow
Dost thou now assume?
Thou must away from hence!
No, my heart will not yield!
Fratricide and traitress!
Away, depart!
Med. On my knees I implore!
Cre. For thee there is no hope!
Med. Dread powers of evil!
The cause of my great grief,
Thy fell and fearful wrath
Let not the wretch escape!
Ner. Heavens! our mighty king
Is stirr'd with wrath and hate!
Oh, appease in his heart
This overwhelming rage!
Cre. & Cho. Great heaven, protect us
From the fury of this fiend;
And from the dire omen
Save us, oh, great Jove, save us!
Med. Be it so! I go hence:
Since all have forsaken me,
In hopes of forgiveness,
To sad exile I'll go:
But do thou of one day,
At least, grant the delay,
That my sorrowing soul
May its calmness regain.
Cre. For some evil purpose
Thou seekest a day's delay!
Med. What against thee can I do?
To calm the cruel grief
Of a sorrowing heart,
One day do not refuse!
Cre. Of my kindness, I fear,
I the victim may be;
But I am no tyrant:
Thy sad fate I would ease,
And grant thee a day,
Though my reason condemns.
Med. & Fer. May the great god of love
Reward thee for this deed!
Cre. Thy purpose thou hast gained;
But know that await thee
Tortures dire and dreadful,
If by the morning light
Thou on this soil art found!
Med. [*In extreme anguish.*]
Oh, my father! oh, Colchis!
Oh, my country adored!
Cre. Return, then, to Colchis,
Which thou didst betray!

Coro. Deh, rendi alfin la calma
Al nostro puro ciel!
Ner. e Coro. Oh, dio d' amor, calma tu
Quell' orrendo furore!
[*Creonte e le Guardie partono, Medea li segue, e cade sulla gradinata, e resta assorbita nella piu profonda e sinistra meditazione.*
Ner. [*Fra se, guardando Medea.*]
Oh, sventurata donna,
Da tutti abbandonata!
Teco dividerò nell' aspro esiglio
E fame e stenti, ed ogni rio periglio!

Cho. Free us from thy presence,
Which infects our pure sky!
Ner. & Cho. Oh, calm, god of love,
This frenzied fearful rage!
[*Creon and the Guards depart, Medea follows, and falls on the steps, where she remains absorbed in deep and angry meditation.*
Ner. [*To herself, looking at Medea.*]
Oh, unhappy woman!
By all deserted,
Want, suffering, and every danger
Of thy cruel exile I will share.

SI, LE PENE—YES, THY SORROW. Air. Neris.

Andantino.

Si, le pe - ne, Si, le pe - ne di - vi - de - re - mo, Vi - vo af-
Yes, thy sor - row, Yes, thy sor - row di - vi - ding with thee, In a

fet - to sin - cer, Al fa - to tuo m' u - nì, Al fa - to tuo m' u - nì, Al
friend - ship that's true I'll my fate join to thine, My fate I'll join to thine, My

fa - to tuo m' u - nì; Si, si, Com - pa - gna del -
fate I'll join to thine; Yes, yes, Com - pa - nion of

le tue sven - tu - re, Ti se - gui - rò, ti se - gui - rò, ti se - gui -
all thy af - flic - tions, I'll fol - low - thee, I'll fol - low thee, I'll fol - low

rò, ti se - gui - rò si - no al - l' a - vel, Ti se - gui - rò, ti se - gui -
thee, I'll fol - low thee e'en to the tomb, I'll fol - thee, thee, I'll fol - low

rò si - no al - l' a - vel, Ti se - gui - rò si - no al - l' a - vel.
thee e'en to the tomb, I'll fol - low thee e'en to the tomb.

Ma che vedo! qual rio deliro
Reca le smanie del suo cor
Si scuote e freme,
E il suo respiro,
Lo sguardo è cupo ancor,
Agitar vedo il sen!
E meditar al certo
Un delitto essa dè!
Sventurata, e abbietta regina!
Chi potria trattenere
Il pianto, al tuo destin?
Sventurata, sventurata,
Si piangerà il mio core affranto,
Sino alla morte piangerò!

But see! what wild passion
Is raging in her heart,
And makes her labouring breath
Come forth in gasping spasms!
Her frenzied rolling eye,
Her heaving bosom, her mien,
Her gestures, all too plainly show
Some fearful deed she plans!
Unhappy wretched queen!
Who can forbear to weep
At thy most luckless fate?
To see thy fearful misery,
My aching bursting heart
A death-like grief doth feel!

Med. [*Nella stessa attitudine come sopra.*]
Profitterò del dì che m' è concesso!
[*Si alza furibonda.*
Morran!—ma no—non basta vendicarmi.
Ah! perchè egli non ha fratelli o figli?
[*Con passione, coprendosi il volto colle mani.*
Che dissi e i figli miei!—orror!
Ma—fuggi da me fatale idea
Ripugna tal delitto anco a Medea!
[*Neris piange.*
[*Con esaltazione.*] Non piangere—
Mi resta ancora un giorno!
Ner. Alcun s' avvanza—egli è Giason.
Med. L' ingrato—ed osa ancor!

SCENA II.—Giasone, *e detti.*

[*Neris si ritira in fondo della scena.*
Gia. Il tuo furor, le tue minaccie fero,
Volger contro te il popolo intero.
E pur mi duole.
Med. Or basta iniquo core?
Gia. Ma tu, crudel, rimproveri?
Med. Saranno ben gli ultimi, oh, signor.
[*Con violenza.*] Rendimi i figli!
Gia. Che decidi, oh, donna?
Med. Sia per grazia o dritto,
A prezzo tal perdono il tuo delitto.
Gia. Morir piuttosto!
Med. [*Fra se, con esaltazione feroce.*]
Ei li ama!—oh, rio pensier!
[*A Giasone, con finta rassegnazione.*
Ceder mi è forza!
Oh, dolor! or lasciar
I figli miei degg' io!
Dal seno mio strappar,
Li vuol Giason crudel!
Da voi lungi vivrò:
Oh, destino crudele,
Di dolore io morrò,—
Mai più vi rivedrò.
Gia. Goder potrai tu ancor
Dei lor teneri amplessi;
Finchè devi partir,
Ne potrai tu gioir!
Med. Oh, signor, un cotale don
Non resterà senza compenso!
Si rivedrolli ancor,
Oh, figli di Giason,
Rammenteranno al cor
D' amor i lieti dì!
Gia. Oh, crudel sovvenir!
Oh, terribil martir!
Ah, si, invan dal mio cor,
Vi tento cancellar.
Med. Oh, giustizia suprema!
Oh, del ciel possa estrema,
Pagherai il pianto ancor
Ch' ora fingo versar.
Gia. Creonte, all' ara andrà,
Offrire un sacrifizio.
E i num' invocherà
Pei figli il core anel,
A pregar vado il ciel!
Pregare voglio il ciel
Perche siati propizio.

Med. [*In the same attitude as before.*]
I will profit by the day conceded me!
[*Rising, with sudden fury.*
They die!—but for vengeance 'twill not suffice.
Ah! why has he neither brothers nor sons?
[*Passionately, covering her face with her hands.*
What have I said?—and my children!
Oh, horror—hence, terrible thought,—
Such a crime is too great even for Medea!
[*Neris sheds tears.*
[*Excitedly.*] Do not weep—
I have yet a day.
Ner. Some one approaches—it is Jason.
Med. Ungrateful wretch—and can he venture?

SCENE II.—Jason, *and the same.*

[*Neris retires to the back of the stage.*
Jas. Thy fury, thy fierce menaces,
Have turned all hearts against thee.
I, however, grieve for thee.
Med. Is thy base heart now satisfied?
Jas. Canst thou, unfeeling one, reproach me?
Med. 'Tis for the last time.
[*Violently.*] Restore me my children!
Jas. What saidst thou, woman?
Med. Be it as a favour or a right,
On such terms I pardon thy offences.
Jas. Sooner will I die!
Med. [*To herself, with savage exultation.*]
He loves them!—ah, wretched thought!
[*To Jason, with feigned resignation.*
I must, then, submit!
Oh, misery!
My children I must leave!
The heartless cruel Jason
Doth tear them from my arms!
Far from you I shall live,
Never more shall we meet:
Oh, cruel destiny,—
Such grief is death!
Jas. Their tender embraces
As yet thou canst enjoy;
Until thou dost depart,
That solace thou canst have!
Med. Oh, be sure such kindness!
Will meet its due reward!
Ah! children of Jason,
I shall see you again,
And my heart will be reminded
Of past and happy days!
Jas. Oh, fatal remembrance!
Oh, cruel suffering!
My heart in vain doth seek
The sad past to forget.
Med. Oh, justice supreme!
Ye powers of Heaven,
The wretch shall yet repay
The tears I feign to shed.
Jas. Creon, at the altar,
A sacrifice doth offer.
The gods he would invoke;
For his children his soul pants,
His prayers to heaven to raise!
I also heaven would pray
To be to thee propitious.

Med. Mi lasci ahime, Giason!
Questo addio m' è mortal!
Gia. Deh, vivi pur felice!
Med. Credi, ingrato sleal,
Ch' io il possa senza te?
Gia. Deh, vivi pur felice! [*Giasone parte.*
Med. Fa voti pur, per la tua prole, oh mostro!
Li compirò ben io!
Ner. Vola i tuoi figli ad abbracciar, se lice.
Med. Io li detesto! lor madre più non son!
Ascolta! apporta qui il manto e la corona;
A Dirce li offriranno i pargoletti.
Quei doni pregni di fatal veleno?
Le arrecheranno cruda morte in seno.
Ner. Eccesso tale ardisci!
Med. Taci! obbedisci!
[*A questo momento comparisce il Corteggio, comminciando della banda militare.—Medea e Neris restano sul proscenio il Corteggio si dirige al Tempio.*

Med. Ah, thou goest, Jason!
To leave me thus is death!
Jas. I pray thee, be content!
Med. Thinkest thou, perjured traitor,
That without thee I can be so?
Jas. Ah, I pray you, be content! [*Exit Jason.*
Med. Offer up vows for thy children, monster!
'Tis I that will fulfil them!
Ner. If thou hast leave, go andembrace thy children.
Med. I abhor them! I am no more their mother,
Harken! bring me the mantle and crown;
The children shall offer them to Dirce.
They are steeped in a fatal poison,
That will make her die in torments.
Ner. Canst thou venture on such a deed?
Med. Be silent! and obey!
[*At this moment the Procession appears, preceded by a military band.—Medea and Neris remain in the Proscenium, the Procession proceeds to the Temple.*

FIGLIO DI BACCO—OH, SON OF BACCHUS. Chorus.

Tempo di Marcia.

Fi - glio di Bac - co, vien dal ciel, Or - na - to già d' im - mor-
Oh, son of Bacchus, from heav'n des - cend, Thy crown im - mor - tal thy

ta - le co - ro - na! Fi - glio di Bac - co, scen - di dal
bright brow a - dorn - ing! Oh, son of Bac - chus, from heav'n des -

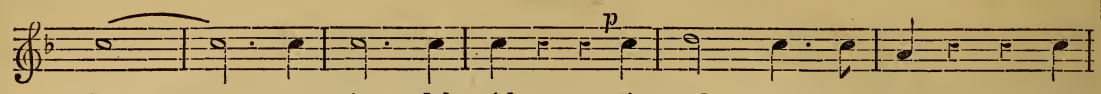
ciel, Or - na - to già d' im-mor - ta - le co - ro - na!
cend, Thy crown im - mor - tal thy bright brow a - dorn - ing!

Dol - ce I-men, deh, a - scol - tac - ci tu, I - men, ac - cet - - ta i no - stri
Hy - - men, hear, oh hear, we im - plore, Oh, Hy - men, ac - cept our grate-ful

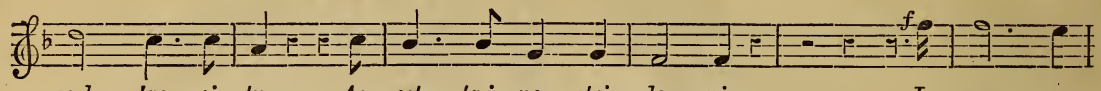
do - ni. Dol - ce I - men, dol - ce I - men, deh, a - scol - tac - ci
off' - rings. Hy - men, hear, Hy - men, hear, Oh hear, we im-

tu, I - men, I - men, ac - cet - ta i no - - - - - - - stri do -
plore, Hy - men, Hy - men, ac - cept our grate - - - - - - ful off' -

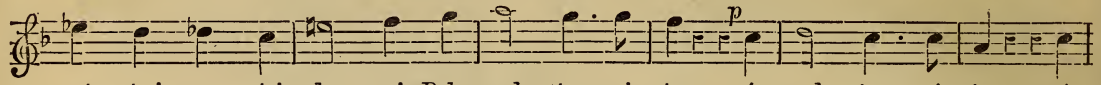
ni! Scen - di dal ciel, scen - di dal ciel! Fi - glio di
rings! From heav'n des - cend, from heav'n des - cend! Oh, son of



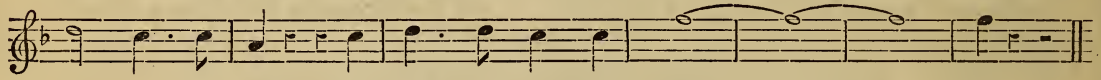
Bac - - - - co, vien dal ciel, A - scol - tac - ci tu, A -
Bac - chus, from heav'n des - cend, Oh hear, we im - plore, Oh



scol - tac - ci tu, Ac - cet - ta i no - stri do - ni. I - men, ac-
hear, we im-plore, Ac - cept our grate - ful off' - rings. Ac - cept, ac-



cet - ta i no - stri do - ni, Deh a-scol - tac - ci tu, A scol - tac - ci tu, A -
cept our grate - ful off' - rings, Oh, hear, we im-plore, Oh hear, we im-plore, Oh

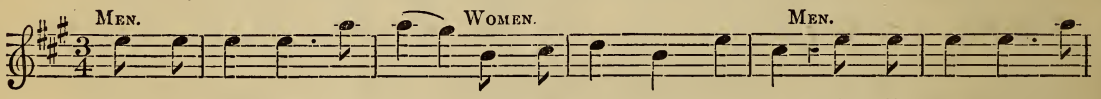


scol - tac - ci tu, Ac - cet - ta i no - stri do - - - - - - - - - ni!
hear, we im-plore, Ac - cept our grate - ful off' - - - - - - - - - rings!

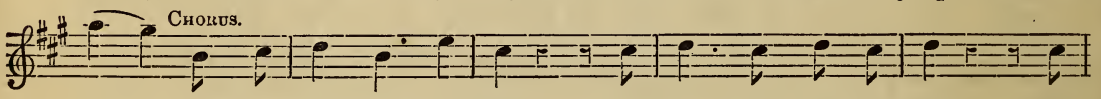
[*Medea e Neris si nascondono dietro un piedestallo che dev' esser piazzato avanti al proscenio dallo stesso lato del Palazzo di Creonte.*
Med. [*Furibonda parlando.*]
Ah, come grati giungono
Al mio cor quei canti!

[*Medea and Neris conceal themselves behind a pedestal, placed near the proscenium, on the same side as Creon's Palace.*
Med. [*Speaking impetuously.*]
Ah, how sweet to my soul
Are these delightful chants!

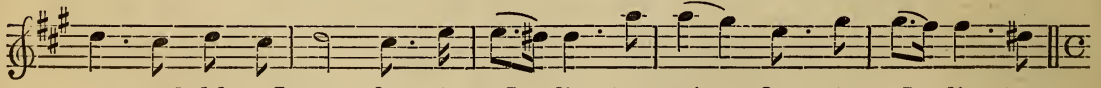
VIEN, GLI SPOSI AD UNIR—COME, THESE LOVERS UNITE. CHORUS.



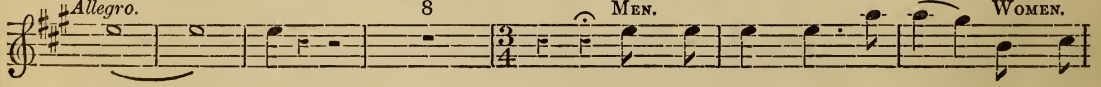
Vien, gli spo - si ad u - nir, Vien, gli spo - si ad u - nir, Tu li dei be - ne-
Come, these lov - ers u - nite, Come, these lov - ers u - nite, With thy pre-sence bless



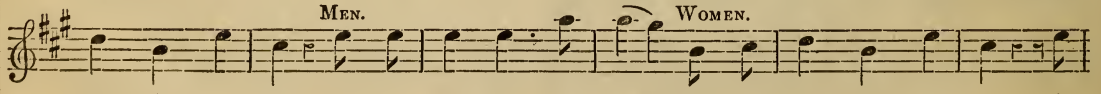
dir, Tu li dei be - ne - dir, Co - ro - na, oh dol - ce I - men, Co -
them, With thy pre - sence bless them, And crown them, Hy - men kind, And



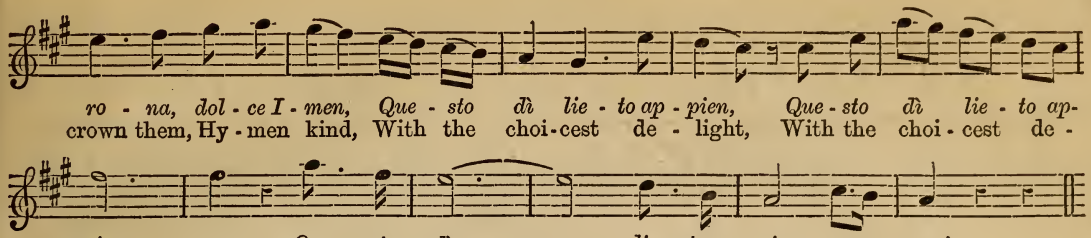
ro - na, oh dol - ce I - men, Que - sto dì lie - to ap - pien, Que - sto dì lie - to ap -
crown them, Hy - men kind, With the choi - cest de - light, With the choi - cest de -



pien! . . . . . Vien gli spo - si ad u - nir, Vien gli
light! . . . . . Come, these lov - ers u - nite, Come, these



spo - si ad u - nir, Tu li dei be - ne - dir, Tu li dei be - ne - dir! Co-
lov - ers u - nite, With thy pre-sence them bless, With thy pre - sence them bless! And



Med. [*Parlando.*] Ascolta ancora la mia voce Imene!
Cre. La mia preghiera ascolta!
Dirce. Benedici il mio amor!
Gia. Proteggio il nostro amor!
Med. [*Parlando.*] Canta, felice sposa!

[*Il Corteggio sorte dal Tempio, e ritorna al Palazzo.*

Coro. Il fronte cinto di mirti immortal,
Scendi al fine affretta,
Oh, celeste Imeneo!
Med. Anch' io verrò
A piedi del tuo altar,
Reclamar vo la fè
Che Giason m' ha rapita.
Coro. Il fronte, &c.
Deh, vieni a benedir questo amor,
Un Eden di piacer
Forma del nodo santo
E benedici il nostro amor!
Med. Anche per me quei
Giuri annettasti tu un dì!
Sorridi a mia vendetta!

[*Medea si slancia verso l' ara situata sul proscenio, ne prende un tizzone acceso, e lo agita sortendo con Neris.*

FINE DELL' ATTO SECONDO.

Med. [*Speaking.*] Me also, oh, Hymen, hear!
Cre. Listen to my prayer!
Dirce. And bless my love!
Jas. Oh, protect our love!
Med. [*Speaking.*] Pray on, happy spouse!

[*The Procession leaves the Temple, and returns to the Palace.*

Cho. Crowned with everlasting myrtle,
Hasten to descend,
Oh, heaven-born Hymen!
Med. I also will come
To the foot of thy altar,
The vows to reclaim
Which Jason has betray'd!
Cho. Crowned, &c.
We pray thee, come,
Our faithful love to bless,
And of this holy union
Make a paradise of joy!
Med. Thou didst one day for me,
Also, such vows attest!
Hymen, aid my revenge!

[*Medea rushes to the altar placed near the proscenium, seizes a lighted brand, and, shaking it aloft, goes off with Neris.*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ATTO III.

SCENA I.—*Il fondo del teatro rappresenta, a sinistra, una parte del Palazzo di Creonte—nel mezzo, a Tempio, con porte e gradinata—ed a destra, una Montagna, scosesa con folti alberi a dirupi.—Oscuro è il cielo.—Mugge il tuono.*

Si vede NERIS *coi Figli di Medea scendere la montagna, col manto e la corona per Dirce, e passare salutano il Tempio, e si ritirano nel Palazzo di Creonte.*—MEDEA, *vestita di roggio, col pugnale in mano, scende dalla montagna.*

Med. Piombi su lor! la morte ed il terrore!
Venite, oh, figli di Giason,—
Su voi io vendicare deggio i torti suoi!
Ner. [*Conducendo per mano i due Figli di Medea.*]
Ite la madre ad abbracciar!
Med. [*Precipitosamente allontanandosi atterita.*]
Fuggite! fuggite!
Ner. [*A Figli.*] A lei volate.
[*I Bambini corrono verso la Madre—Medea tenta allontanarsi.*
Med. Sventurati figli, non mi toccate!
Ner. Sei sua madre!
Med. [*Commosso, stringendo colla mano sinistra i Figli sul suo cuore, ed alla dritta il pugnale.*]
Oh, numi!—si spezza il cor!
[*Lascia cader il pugnale.*
Rinunzio alla vendetta!
Ner. Che vedo? Oh, ciel! tu forse——
Med. [*Stringendo con espanzione i Figli al suo seno.*]
Amati figli!
Ner. [*Cade inginocchio in atto di pregare il cielo*]
Proteggi, eterno iddio, questi innocenti!
Med. [*Grandiosa, con anima ed affetto.*]
Oh, di natura portentosi accenti!

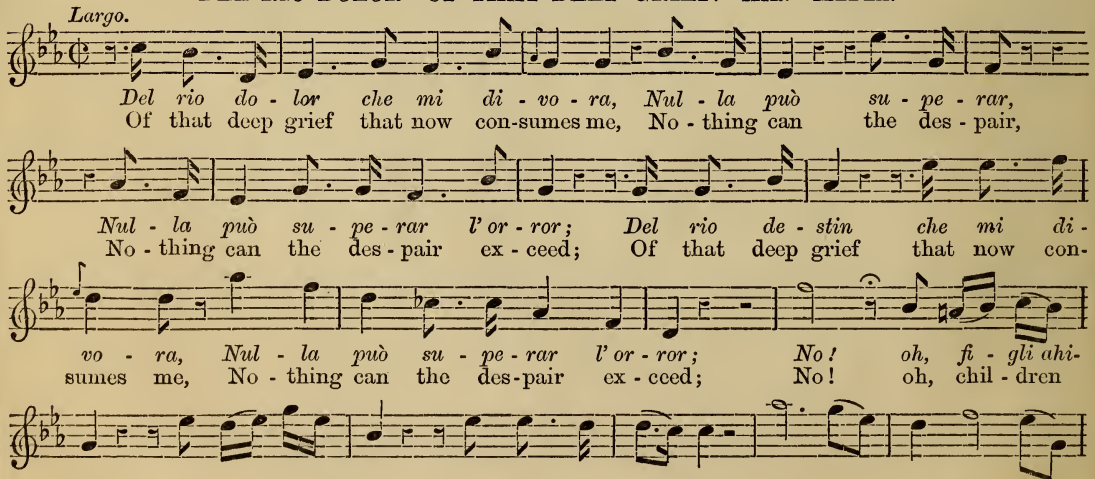
ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The back of the stage represents, on the left, a portion of Creon's Palace—in the centre, a Temple, with a door and steps—and on the right, a steep Mountain, with heavy-foliaged trees and rocks.—The sky is dark.—Continuous thunder.*

NERIS *and the Children of Medea are seen descending the mountain, carrying the mantle and coronet for Dirce, and in passing they salute the Temple, and enter Creon's Palace.*—MEDEA, *dressed in red, with a dagger in her hand, descends the mountain.*

Med. Death and terror fall on their heads!
Come, ye sons of Jason,—
On thee I will avenge his crimes!
Ner. [*Leading Medea's Children by the hand.*]
Go and embrace your mother!
Med. [*Horrified, rushing away from them.*]
Fly! begone!
Ner. [*To the Children.*] Hasten to her.
[*The Children run to their Mother—Medea tries to drive them away.*
Med. Unhappy children, touch me not!
Ner. Thou art their mother!
Med. [*With emotion, pressing her Children to her heart with her left hand, and holding the dagger in her right.*]
Oh, heaven!—my heart will burst!
[*Drops the dagger.*] My vengeance I renounce!
Ner. What do I see? Oh, heav'n! thou wouldst—
Med. [*Warmly embracing her Children.*]
Beloved children!
Ner. [*Falling on her knees in an attitude of prayer.*]
Eternal powers, protect these innocents!
Med. [*Majestically, and with feeling.*]
Oh, the wondrous voice of nature!

DEL RIO DOLOR—OF THAT DEEP GRIEF. AIR. MEDEA.



fi - gli io v' a - mo an - co - - - ra! E squar - ciar - vi io vo - le - a il
do, still do I love thee! Yet I would both your lives des-

cor! E squar - ciar - vi io vo - le - a il cor! Dio im - mor - tal!
troy! Yet I would both your lives des - troy! Pow - er su - preme!

Dio im - mor - tal! Pa - dre a-gli af - flit - - ti! La mia
Pow - er su - preme! Fa - ther of suf - - f'rers! Thou my

Allegro moderato.

man, La mia man di - sar - ma - ta hai tu! La mia man, La mia
hand, Thou my hand just - ly hath dis-arm'd! Thou my hand, Thou my

man di - sar - ma - ta hai tu! Per pie - tà non per - met - ter più, non per - met - ter
hand just - ly hath dis-arm'd! Pi - ty have, ne - ver more per - mit, ne - ver more per-

più, Ta - le i - nu - ma - ni, Ta - le i - nu - ma - ni rei de -
mit Crimes so in - hu - man, Crimes so in - hu - man and so

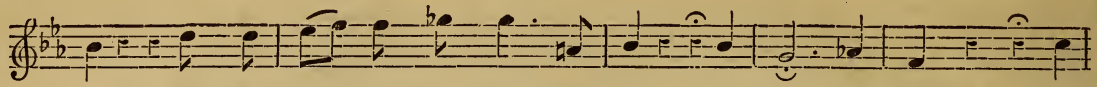
lit - ti; Per pie - tà, per pie - tà non per - met - ter più, Per pie-
fear - ful; Pi - ty have, pi - ty have, ne - ver more per - mit, Pi - ty

tà, per pie - tà non per - met - ter più, Ta - le i - nu - ma - ni, Ta - le i - nu -
have, pi - ty have, ne - ver more per - mit Crimes so in - hu - man, Crimes so in -

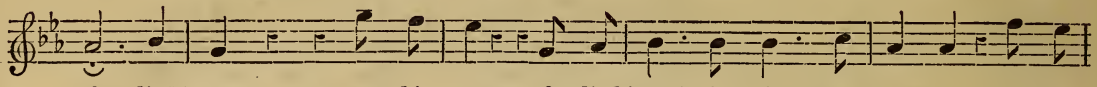
ma - - ni e rei de - lit - - - ti, Ta - le i - nu - ma - ni, Ta le i - nu -
hu - - man and so fear - - ful, Crimes so in - hu - man, Crimes so in -

ma - - ni e rei de - lit - - - ti; Del rio do - lor Che mi di-
hu - - man and so fear - - ful; Of that deep grief that now con-

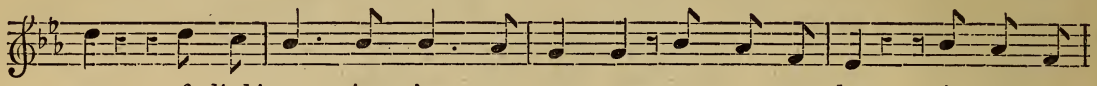
vo - ra, che mi di - vo - ra, Nul - la può su - pe - rar l' or-
sumes me that now con - sumes me, No - thing can the des - pair ex-



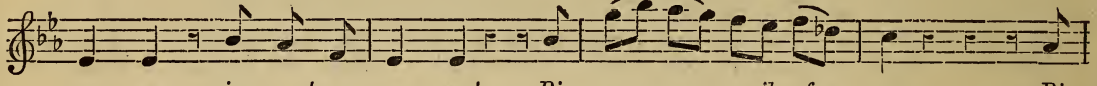
ror, Nul - la può su - pe - rar l' or - ror! Ah! fi - gli ahi - me, Ah!
ceed, No - thing can the des - pair ex - ceed! Oh! chil - dren dear, Oh!



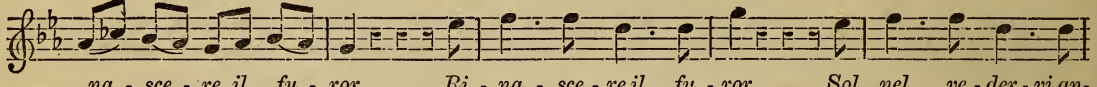
fi - gli ahi - me, a - hi - me, fi - gli ahi - me! io v' a - mo an-co - ra! Figli ahi
chil - dren dear, chil-dren dear, chil-dren dear! still do I love thee! Chil-dren



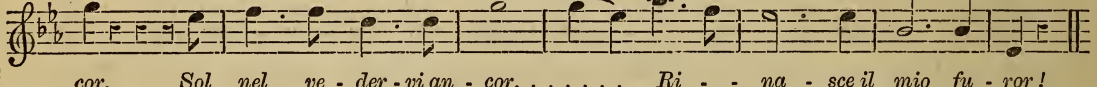
me, fi-gli ahi - me io v' a - mo an - co - ra, sen - za vo - ler io sen-to an-
dear, chil-dren dear, still do I love thee, still do I love, still do I



co - ra, io sen-to an - co - ra! Ri - na - sce - re il fu - ror, Ri -
love thee, still do I love thee! The sight of thee once more, The



na - sce - re il fu - ror, Ri - na - sce - re il fu - ror, Sol nel ve - der - vi an-
sight of thee once more, The sight of thee once more, Would all my fu - ry



cor, Sol nel ve - der - vi an - cor, ... Ri - - na - sce il mio fu - ror!
raise, Would all my fu - ry raise, ... Would all my fu - ry raise!

Ner. Regina, Dirce del tuo don fatale
Ornossi al nuovo dì—forse è gia spenta!
Una vittima basti!
Med. [*Furibonda.*] A tanto oltraggio—
No, non basta!
Ner. [*Onde salvare i Bambini.*] Ti calma—
In pochi istanti, io deggio i figli ricondur.
Med. Li salva—da me li salva,
Pria che si ridesti l' ira fatal!
Ner. Ma dove?
Med. [*Additandole il Tempio.*] A piè dell' ara,—
Proteggali da me quel dio supremo!
Ner. [*Partendo coi Fanciulli.*]
Oh, sventurati, andiam—
D' orror io fremo!
[*Neris entra coi Bambini nel Tempio, e ne richiude la porta.*
Med. Ma che! son io Medea!
E pur li lascio in vita!
Che fec' io? dove son?
Non li ritrovo più.
Sono figli a Giason!
Pietà non provi il cor!
Ma pur son miei!
Ma non è lui lor padre?
Sciagurata! e puoi tu

Ner. Queen, Dirce put on thy fatal gift
At break of day—she is perhaps dead!
Let one victim suffice!
Med. [*Beside herself.*] For such an outrage—
No, one will not suffice!
Ner. [*To save the Children.*] Be calm—
Soon I must take back the children.
Med. Save them—take them hence,
Before my fatal fury is again aroused!
Ner. But whither?
Med. [*Pointing to the Temple.*] To the foot of the altar,—
Heaven there will protect them!
Ner. [*Going away with the Children.*]
Oh, unfortunates, let us hence—
I tremble with horror!
[*She enters the Temple with the Children, and then closes the door.*
Med. But how! am I Medea!
And yet I let them live!
What was I doing? where are they?
I can no longer see them.
They are Jason's children!
Away, all thoughts of pity!
Still, are they not my children?
But is he not their father?
Wretched creature! and yet

Esser loro ancor madre?
Tu ignorar devi appien,
La voce di natura?
No provar più non dei
Materno amore in sen.
Che farò? Io li lasciar?
I figli abbandonar?
E confidar li deggio
Al poter d' un spergiuro?
Mi potria prevenir,
E colpirli il primier.—No!
Compiasi il delitto,
E sia pur tutto intier.
Oh, tu del male,
Implacabile dio,
Deh spegni nel mio cor
L' umano istinto ancor!
La sposa di Giason,
Non esiterà, no!
Il parricidio a consumar.
[*Rialza il pugnale da terra.*

Coro. Signor!
[*Si sentono lamenti dal Palazzo.*
Ti volgi a noi signor!
Oh, folgor di vendetta!

Med. Il grido del dolor
Penetra in sino a me!

Coro. Oh, fonte di terror!
Oh, spettacol di orror!

Med. Quel grido è grato al cor,
Più che il canto di festa!

[*Appena Medea è entrata nel Tempio, Giason ed il Popolo entrano sulla scena in gran tumulto.*

Coro. Deh, punisci tu, oh ciel,
L' atroce e reo misfatto!

Gia. Ciel, rendi i figli a me!
Proteggali il tuo santo amore!
Oh, mia Dirce! oh, mio ben!
A morte tratta sia—
Pera pur paghi alfin,
Il sangue ch' or essa versò!

Coro. Oh, padre sventurato!—
La colpevol si cerchi?

[*Neris sorte dal tempio con precipitazione va verso Giason.*

Ner. Ah, signor! la tua sposa—
La crudele—là nel tempio——

Gia. Parla, dì, giusto ciel, che mai tenta?

Ner. Insegue i figli, ahime!
E truccidar li vuol!

Coro. Oh, ciel! oh, madre snaturata!

Jas. Se giungo a tempo ancor,
Spegner vò il suo furor!

[*Sguainando la spada si avvia al Tempio.—Medea apparisce sulla soglia del Tempio, tenendo in mano ancora il pugnale, e circondata da tre Eumenedi, che le fan scorta.—Giasone si arresta atterito, ed il Popolo indietreggia spaventato.*

Med. T' arresta! e fissa
Ben l' oltragiata tua sposa!

Gia. Giusto ciel, qual terror!
Crudele, i figli ove son?

Med. Vendicommi il lor sangue!

Gia. Gl' innocenti che fer?

Med. Nati eran ben da te!

Canst thou be their mother?
Must thou for ever silence
The tender voice of nature?
Oh! must thou no longer feel
In thy heart a mother's love?
I fly? I leave them?
I my children forsake?
And must I then confide them
To a base perjurer's care?
He may prevent my hurting them,
Yet be the first himself to injure them!
No, let the deed be done;
Let it be for ever and complete.
Oh, dread power of evil,
Whose fury none can calm,
Do thou in my soul destroy
Each soft and human feeling!
No, the wife of Jason
Should not hesitate
E'en parricide to commit.
[*Picks up the dagger.*

Cho. Oh, power divine!
[*Lamentations are heard from the Palace.*
Avenging deity,
To our assistance come!

Med. The sound of loud lament
Doth reach my ear!

Cho. Oh, source of woe!
Oh, sight of horror!

Med. That cry is to my soul
Sweeter than songs of joy!

[*Medea has barely entered the Temple, when Jason and the People rush in confusion on the stage.*

Cho. Great heaven, punish
This atrocious wicked deed!

Jas. Heaven, to me my sons restore!
Oh, let thy holy love protect them!
Oh, Dirce! oh, my best-beloved!
Pursue the guilty wretch—
Her death can alone atone
For the lives she has destroyed.

Cho. Oh, unhappy father!—
Let us seek the wicked fiend!

[*Neris enters hurriedly from the Temple and goes towards Jason.*

Ner. Ah, sire! your cruel spouse—
Yonder—in the temple——

Jas. Speak, say, what does she now design?

Ner. Alas! her children she pursues,
In order to destroy them!

Cho. Oh, heavens! oh, unnatural mother!

Jas. If at the temple I arrive in time,
I will her fiend-like fury crush!

[*Drawing his sword, he approaches the Temple.—Medea appears on the threshold, still holding the dagger in her hand, and surrounded by Three Furies.—Jason stops, horrified, and the People fall back in alarm.*

Med. Stand! and look upon
Thy outraged injured wife!

Jas. Just heaven, what a fearful sight!
Cruel fiend, where are my sons?

Med. Their death has avenged my wrongs!

Jas. How have these innocents injur'd thee?

Med. They were thy children!

Gia. Dio!
Med. Piu felice di te,
Io per l' aria men vò,
Per ben noto cammin,
Per me dischiuso ognor;
E nell' Averno alfin,
Discenderai tu un giorno!
Là l' ombra, mia laggiù,
T' attende nell' infernal soggiorno!

[*Dopo l' ultima parola, il Tempio cade, e si vede Medea, circondata dalle Furie, che si alza nell' aria, in un carro tirato di dragoni gettando fuoco.—Il Popolo fugge, atterito da tutti i lati. —Qui si sente il tuono, e continua sino alla fine.*

Coro. Giusto ciel! schiuso è già
Or ben l' antro infernal!
Fuggiamo dal luogo fatal!

Jas. Oh, heaven!
Med. More happy than thou,
Through the air I go hence,
By a well-known way
Always open to me;
To Avernus in time
Thou wilt also descend!
In the infernal abodes,
My spirit awaits thee, Jason!

[*After these last words, the Temple falls, and Medea, attended by Furies, is discovered rising in the air, in a car drawn by fiery dragons.—The People fly, alarmed, in every direction.—Thunder is heard, and continues to the end.*

Cho. Merciful heaven! already
Hell opens to our view!
Let us leave this fearful spot!

THE END.

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